

# BLUE GRASS BLADE.

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*Charles L. Moore*  
Editor

A Presbyterian who likes the Blade and me.

OFFICE OF THE "CHURCH MILITANT," No. 6 UNION PLACE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Mr. C. C. Moore, Editor of Blade.  
DEAR SIR:—May the Lord bless thee out of Zion. Glad to see the Blade once more.

I will put it on my list of Prohibition papers which I propose to keep standing, and if it is convenient for you give the Militant a (illegible.)

Let us unite together for the (illegible) of the Kingdom which is righteousness and peace.

Yours Fraternally,  
EDITOR CHURCH MILITANT.

A notice of this paper on the letter head is as follows.

The Church Militant is a small religious paper which aims to tell the truth on all moral questions.

Arranging our present pseudo Christian civilization with the direstness of the ancient Hebrew Prophets, it announces the Kingdom of God as now at hand. It is wholly new in the matter and design. The organ of no sect, it goes untrammelled straight for righteousness.

Published monthly at 25c. per annum. Sample copies free. Address The Church Militant, No. 6 Union Place Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dr. Keeley's Bichloride of Gold "Don't Prohibit" Worth a Cent.

I have received a communication signed "Subscriber," containing an account, from the Courier-Journal, of a Democratic whisky paper, of the signal failure of Keeley's bichloride of gold, as a cure for drunkenness.

This alleged wonderful discovery has been boomed by the liquor papers to encourage men to drink liquor, by telling them that when they want to stop the habit they can take a few doses of a wonderful medical preparation that has lately been discovered by a Dr. Keeley.

Keeley showed himself a fraud and humbug, by claiming that the secret was known only to himself and refusing to divulge it to any one else.

If a man could discover a remedy of that kind and keep it to himself he would be a brute, and any man who claims that he is keeping such a secret and running the risk of his dying so that the world might lose it, proclaims himself so regardless of human welfare that he is not to be trusted, and his claim came fraught with improbability.

Prohibitionists and other temperance people all seemed to recognize Keeley's pretended discovery as a fraud, and of course would naturally suspect that the liquor people knew it to be a fraud, else they would not have recommended it for of course liquor dealers are not going to damage their own business by encouraging the use of a medical preparation that would give men a distaste for liquor.

But if the liquor liars could gull the fools that are most liable to patronize their business, into the belief that there is something that can save them from the horrible effects of the liquor evil, when they may want to quit it, it would, for a while, stimulate the liquor business. So the lying scoundrels boomed the Keeley humbug for all that was in it.

Prohibition papers exposed it and the liquor men claimed that the Prohibitionists were opposed to it, because—the liquor men said—it was for the interest of the Prohibitionists to have men suffer and die from liquor.

"The note that I received says, The enclosed paragraphs from the Courier-Journal of November 7th. are suggestive. The idea has obtained largely in the West and South during the past two years that this man Keeley and his bichloride of gold could reverse the laws of nature and eradicate from a broken and diseased constitution the deadly ravages of the drink habit—a pleasing hallucination, forsooth, to the many thousand chronic inebriates of the land, and a standing temptation and invitation to our youth to "drink all you wish, and come when you are bad off."

The New York Voice has a fuller account of the case than we have in the Courier-Journal, but I prefer to give the account that

has been sent me from the Courier-Journal, because drunkards would not believe anything they might see in the Voice, a Prohibition paper, while they will believe anything they see in a Democratic paper.

The account from the Courier-Journal is as follows:

New York, Nov. 6.—For nearly a month newspapers all over this country have been reprinting an article written by Col. John Mines, LL. D., for the October number of the North American Review. It was the most authoritative, as well as the most interesting, article that had yet appeared regarding Dr. Leslie E. Keeley's bichloride of gold cure for drunkenness and who proclaimed the efficacy of the cure. He fairly shouted his joy at being cured. He was new born, he said, and all the old passion for drink had gone. He had tested himself in every possible way, but not a drop of intoxicating liquor had passed his lips since a day in April last, when his treatment was beginning at Dwight, Ill., and when he had taken some whisky at Dr. Keeley's advice.

Col. Mines was generally accepted as the champion of the Keeley cure. He was so quoted from ocean to ocean that it is hardly exaggeration to say that the faith of nearly every drunkard in the land, who hoped to be reclaimed, was pinned upon the cure of this man, who had been a drunkard at intervals for twenty years.

Col. Mines began a prolonged spree three days ago. He was found drunk in the gutter on Wednesday last, was committed to the work-house on Blackwell's Island, and died there yesterday morning.

I have seen in some exchange a prescription of a Georgia man, a man who wants to reform from drunkenness, that I think will work all right.

I am "quit drinking liquor."

The Christian Standard and Have Done Injustice to Ingersoll.

I have lately published from the Christian Standard, an item that charged Ingersoll with great inconsistency, because it said—he posed as a moralist and had not been the champion of any modern reform.

It is my desire to conciliate "orthodox" Christians just as far as I honestly can; and under this impulse I went further in endorsing the rather bitter editorial of the Christian Standard than I now see I ought to have done—further light on the subject having been obtained.

I still think it inconsistent in Ingersoll that he is not a Prohibitionist, but he is a Woman Suffragist, and that is the worst thing to it. I believe it is five years longer he will be a Prohibitionist, for I can not see how a man who pays such tribute to morals can be anything else.

In all that I have heard and read from Ingersoll I have yet to hear or read one utterance that was disparaging to the character of Jesus of Nazareth, or to the code of morals that he taught; while as to the teaching of Jesus on the subject of immortality, Ingersoll simply says he does not know. And that is all that any man can honestly say.

The extract from a recent talk of Col. Ingersoll, that I give is from the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

In it Col. Ingersoll plainly announces himself in favor of Woman Suffrage, and talks against prize fighting and one feature of the race course.

Of course I would rather have had him disclaim the race horse business in toto, but what he says refutes the charge of the Standard that he has not championed any great reform nor spoken against any of the popular vices.

The fact of the thing is that in this regard, like four-fifths of the Christians, he is against any of the popular sins, until he comes to the daddy of all the crimes—the liquor traffic—and then the Colonel, flickers, and bows down before the jug of Kentucky whisky that Alfred Hammer gave him, just like Bro. Harrison tips his hat—or rather his grandpa's hat—to the barrel of Scotch whisky that Carnegie gave him.

It makes no difference whether Christian or infidel, everybody except old Prohib, bares his head in reverence and gets down on his knees, when the whisky barrel is rolled out.

Christian and infidel will join in a common crusade against the lottery and the race course, the bawdy house and the gambling hell, irrationalism in female attire and the lewd drama, the tobacco habit and ball going, novel reading, concealed weapons, swearing, obscene language, opium dens, cruelty to animals, base ball, card playing, craps, and singing "Annie Rooney," but when it comes to the gigantic sin that towers like Pelion on Ossa, above all

these—the liquor damnation—all except the handful of Prohibition "fanatics" call a halt and draw the line, and say that to discuss the liquor traffic is carrying religion into politics, trampling on the "personal rights" of men, and a lot of stuff that is sickening to repeat.

Ingersoll and great clergymen alike cut and slash and kick around a lot of peccadilloes, but they alike abate their righteous indignation when they run up against the business of the saloon man. Then "heathen Bob" thanks Alfred Hammer for his jug, and Presbyterian deacon Bro. Harrison thanks Carnegie for his barrel.

Old Bob will skin Bro. Harrison's Presbyterianism until it's the most miserable looking carcass you ever saw, but he stays his valiant sword when he comes to Bro. Harrison's barrel.

The Inter-Ocean's interview with Col. Ingersoll is as follows: Col. Robert G. Ingersoll yesterday sustained his reputation for an ability to give a thoroughly in touch talk upon any subject in which the public is or ever was interested. After his labors on Col. Babcock's suit and the railroad case which brought him to the city, the genial pope stretched himself out in his room at the Grand Pacific and found something worthy of earnest comment in every current topic from woman suffrage to horse racing. His opinion of the former topic will endear him to the suffragists whatever they may think of his religion.

"I claim no right that I am not willing to give to my wife and daughter and to the wives and daughters of other men," he said. "We will never have a generation of great men until we have had a generation of great women. I do not regard ignorance as the foundation of virtue, nor uselessness as one of the requisites of a lady. I am a believer in equal rights. Those who are amenable to the laws should have a voice in making the laws. In every department where woman has had an equal opportunity with man, she has shown that she has equal capacity."

"George Sand was a great writer, George Eliot was one of the greatest, Mrs. Browning a marvelous poet—and the lyric beauty of her 'Mother and Poet' is greater than anything her husband ever wrote. Harriet Martineau is a wonderful woman, and Ouida is probably the greatest living writer, man or woman. Give the women a chance."

The Colonel's recent election as a life member of the Manhattan Athletic club, due strangely enough to a speech of his denouncing certain forms of sport, was referred to and this led him to express his contempt for prize fighting, and then he said on the subject of horse racing:

"The only objection I have to horse racing," he said "is its cruelty. The whip and spur should be banished from the track. As long as these are used the race track will breed a very low and heartless set of men. I hate to see a brute whip and spur a noble animal. The good people object to racing because of the betting, but bad people, like myself, object to the cruelty. Men are not forced to bet. That is their own business, but the poor horse, straining every nerve, does not ask for the lash and iron. Abolish torture on the track and let the best horse win."

Scott County Needs a wet Nurse.

Scott county, Kentucky, has shown itself incapable of taking care of itself. The state ought to annul its corporate rights and appoint a guardian to take care of it.

I give a series of occurrences here (I am in Scott) that have all been within a few weeks.

A negro man killed a white man. He said he did it because the man, a bachelor, was too intimate with his wife. The negro came to Georgetown and surrendered himself for trial and was put in jail.

A mob of white men went to the jail, took the negro out and hung him.

The minute details of the hanging have been given in the papers of this town—what the men said and what they did.

The jailer who was in charge of the negro was not wounded or in any way hurt in his attempt to protect his prisoner.

Nobody has been arrested for the hanging of that negro; and there is no probability that there will be.

Then the Kendalls came into town with their Winchester rifles and proceeded to shoot at men in the streets.

No official was hurt in any effort to stop them. When they got through shooting there were two men killed and one badly wounded. One of the men killed was a very valuable citizen of the town, and was killed by a stray shot while standing in the door of his business house.

It was in the day time and in the most prominent part of the town.

When they were done shooting, the marshal of the town persuaded them to go to jail with him.

A few days after, a man and woman, who seemed to be respectable people, came here to preach, as "Salvation army" people do.

While they were conducting a religious service just as such people do elsewhere, a bad boy threw a large cannon fire cracker into the crowd that was listening to them. The boy was not arrested, but the man and woman were, and were promptly put in jail.

Several days since the Kendalls broke out of jail and escaped. They have not been captured and there seems to be no probability that they will be.

Somebody ought to be responsible for this. I have never believed that those men would be punished. The father of those who escaped is yet in jail. He killed the valuable citizen. I do not believe he will ever be punished. He was once chairman of the Democratic county committee.

I do not know how he will escape punishment, but it will be done somehow. Another prisoner who had killed a man had escaped out of this same jail not long before the Kendalls did.

There has been a session of the circuit court since the Kendalls did the killing. Their case was "put off." That's the way it is nearly always done. Soon the people will begin to say it's no use to punish the poor old man since all the boys are gone, and the newspapers will contain reports of his sad condition and distress of mind, and everybody will say he has been punished enough by having to stay in such a bad old jail, and anybody who says he has not been will be frowned down as a hard hearted man, and when the next court comes on some of the principal will be "put off" again.

By that time somebody else will kill a few more people, and the public mind will be occupied by the new case.

After a while somebody will ask "What ever became of old man Kennell's case?" and the other fellow will answer, "Oh, he was let out long ago; the commonwealth's witnesses could not be found, and the Judge dismissed the case."

The Georgetown Times made an effort to institute a moral reform here some time ago. It turned its batteries on the small boy smoking cigarettes. Four issues of the paper poured hot shot into that enormous evil that threatens to throw this government into anarchy; but public sentiment would not sustain the Georgetown Times, and backed the small boy, and the heroic editor retired broken-hearted and discouraged from the unequal contest.

But his valiant words will go ringing down the corridors of time and posterity will build a monument to his memory.

Instead of two inverted flambeaus crossed above an urn, there will be two cigarette stumps, still smoking, and crossed above a spittoon.

It makes my heart ache to see how the editor of that paper has immolated himself upon the altar of his county and yet how poorly he has been requited.

But virtue is its own reward.

Bro. Briggs Still Holds the Fort.

The Presbyterians have dismissed the case against Dr. Charles A. Briggs, charged with heresy, in the following language.

"RESOLVED. That the Presbytery of New York, having listened to the paper of Charles A. Briggs, D. D., in the case of the Presbyterian church of the United States of America against him as to the sufficiency of the charges and specifications in form and legal effect, and without approving of the position taken in the inaugural address, and at the same time desiring earnestly the peace and quiet of the church in view of the declarations of Dr. Briggs, touching his loyalty to the church and the Westminster standards, and in view of his disclaimers of interpretations put on some of his words, deems it best to dismiss the case and does so dismiss it."

Such secular papers as the Times, Herald and Sun, all of New York, seem to think that the presbytery of New York has eaten crow. But it seems to me that

it's something of a "draw," or "stale mate." Dr. Briggs, it is true, has said some things considerably in advance of regular Presbyterianism—and who has not?—but when they began to corner him, he did the Crustacean act, and advanced backward, or hedged.

He did this by claiming that his words had been misinterpreted.

He either meant to make an issue with his church or did not, and if he did not so intend he has been unfortunately long in making himself understood.

I do not think he has had the full courage of his convictions and do think he has quailed at the thunders of the odium theologium.

The Presbyterian church however, in dismissing the case against him, has per consequent been dragged in advance of its former position in some particulars, that make "entering wedges" for still further advances.

For instance in dismissing the charge of heresy against Briggs the Presbyterian church has conceded one position of Bishop Colenso, for which the church of England, namely that the Pentateuch is not genuine.

Briggs, in his letter of defense, which the Presbytery accepted, said:

"It is a fact that I have taught and most firmly hold and assert 'that Moses is not the author of the Pentateuch, and that Isaiah is not the author of half the book which bears his name.'"

In other words the Presbyterian church has, in its highest court, admitted that nobody knows the author, or authors of the first five books of the Old Testament; and of course as soon as that church surrenders the claim of the genuineness of the first five books of the Bible, their authenticity must logically be abandoned, and there is no corroborative evidence of their authenticity, and the whole Bible story of the creation, and the garden of Eden, of the "fall of man," of the tower of Babel and the Noachian deluge, go at one fell swoop; and the Presbyterian church has practically, if not de facto, decided that a man can be a good Presbyterian and not believe any of those stories.

But let any of those brethren should be grieved above measure, at this ruthless surrender, by their leaders, of what has hitherto been deemed by them as very sacred, I would call their fainting spirits to the fact that the story of Balaam's ass, and that of Jonah and the whale still stand unimpaired; and as mythical and unsubstantial Mr. Moes has nothing to do with the writing of those two cherished narratives.

When therefore, the gainsayer and scoffer guys us with the collapse and disbanding of Noah's menagerie, let us challenge him to disprove that story about Jonah and the whale, and you will find that he can't quite come it.

The New York Sun in commenting on the status says:

"The dismissal of the case against Dr. Briggs by a large majority of the ministers and elders of the New York presbytery indicates that the body is moved to go into a discussion of the questions involved. It is an attempt to avoid a dangerous controversy and an effort to escape the necessity of expressing an opinion as to the specific teachings of the accused heretic."

"The New York presbytery has announced practically that the fallibility or infallibility of the Bible is a debatable question as to which a Presbyterian theologian may think as he pleases."

"Who is the Greatest Man in the World?"

My sixteen-year-old son, asked me not long since, "Papa who do you think is the greatest man in the world?"

I told him that the question was so broad and there were such different varieties of greatness that it would be hard to answer, but that I thought in morals Count Tolstoi of Russia was the greatest, while in physics I thought Edison the greatest.

I have just finished reading "The Arena" for November, and I am now prepared to answer definitely the question of my son.

While I recognize the intimate relation between physics and morals, and that the former, by imperceptible gradations merge into the latter, I recognize that of these two grand divisions of science, morals is the greater, because that is the full fruition of the other, and that which bears the more directly upon human happiness.

The greatest man in the world, to me, then, is the man who, in my judgment is doing the most to advance morals. That is B. O. Flower the editor of "The Arena." And so I now answer my son's question.

He is not a modern sentimental aggregation of pistil and petal, stamen and corolla, "born to blush unseen and waste its fragrance on the desert air," but his presence will be felt in every moral breeze that fans the fevered brow of hope deferred, wherever good women and good men are struggling for the pure, the beautiful, and the good, like a spice laden zephyr from "Araby the blest."

Mr. Flower was, I believe, born in Illinois, and he is the son of a preacher in what is variously known as the Christian, Reform, Disciples and Campbellite church, and he had a brother who was also a minister in that church. Mr. Flower was educated at Kentucky University in Lexington, and Rev. J. W. McGarvey, who is professor of theology in that institution taught recently to me, that young Flower, while a student there, stood at the head of his classes.

It seems to me that no scholarly moralist can afford to do without his magazine.

Let anyone should think that what I say is one of the many insinuating varieties of advertisements that editors dishonestly smuggle into their editorials, I will say that, to the best of my knowledge, Editor Flower does not know of my existence on the earth, and that to guard against suspicion and to "avoid the very appearance of evil," I would not, for what I am now saying, even accept his magazine for a year, nor will I send him a "marked copy" of this paper.

Rev. McGarvey and Congressman Breckinridge of this city have each written articles for the "Arena," but in each of their departments, theological and political, Flower gives us an intellectual and moral pulsation that is as superior to theirs as is a "saddle rock" on the "half shell" to a "Cove" oyster, or the lonely bivalve that floats in the consomme of a church fair, "grand, gloomy and peculiar in the solitude of his own originality."

Religiously, Editor Flower is in sympathy with such men as McGarvey, Briggs, Harper, Swing, Newman, Cave and George C. Lorimer. Politically he is a Prohibitionist and Woman Suffragist of the strictest sort.

Almost every issue has an editorial in support of the Prohibition movement.

His championship of Prohibition comes with unusual force, from the fact that the magazine is, of course, not edited in the interest of Prohibition, but of good morals generally; though, like us who make a specialty of combating the liquor traffic, he seems to regard that as the greatest and most formidable foe to all that is good.

Speaking of this evil he says: "The saloon, the black plague of the nineteenth century life, overlaps all other degrading evils, its miasma of death fills every redoubt of degradation, and, until its ever increasing power is checked, nay, more until its power in American politics is broken, other allies in crime, debauchery, and moral death will flourish."

Like our most competent Prohibition writers and speakers he holds the churches responsible for the existence of the liquor traffic, and proposes a remedy for it.

He says: "Professing Christians are more loyal to party hacks and demagogues than they are to their own homes and country."

The saloon is a unit in its voting strength, loyal to its tools and relentless to its foes, and the voting power of the saloon element in any great city when united with the voting strength of the Christian element in either of the great parties, turns the scales for the millions of the rum power."

He proposes a plan to break the alliance of the church with the rum power, from which I give an extract.

"Suppose in every church four or six earnest men and women form a league for the protection of home; let them secure the pledge of every voter in the church who has love for his fellow-men and respect for decent government, that he will vote for no man for any office, who patronizes a saloon, who fraternizes with the liquor element, or who is supported by the rum shops, and that he will use all honorable means to further good government, by seeking the advancement of pure and upright citizens."

Accept the Amendment.

We talk proudly about the "brotherhood of man" but it begins to look as though the sisterhood of women is a phrase that means fully as much.—(New York Voice.)

I always thought the "brotherhood" embraced the "sisterhood," but if there is any doubt about it they shall not be left out in the cold so far as I am concerned. I am always ready to take them to my hospitable bosom.

## ELECTED!

Our high qualities and low prices have won, and we are far in lead on Underwear and Hosiery.

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In wool, merino and cotton Underwear for Ladies.  
In wool, merino and cotton Underwear for Children.  
In fast black Hosiery for Ladies, Gents and Children.  
In Union Suits and Jersey-ribbed Underwear for Ladies.  
In Cloaks and Jackets for Misses and Ladies.  
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12 EAST MAIN STREET.

New goods are now arriving daily. Laces and embroideries are crowding our shelves from the narrowest to the widest and richest patterns. We show them in all sorts of materials. A treat for the ladies and a wholesome surprise to those who get our prices on them. No lady in Lexington, anticipating to make up Spring Underwear, Children's or Misses' Dresses of White Goods, can afford to miss examining our stock of these goods.

**Early Spring Woven Dress Material.**  
Novelty Suitings, the rarest and oddest of patterns, new entirely and pleasing to the eye; prices below actual anticipation, ranging from 50c to \$1 per yard. A new line of spring shades of Henriettes just opened, new colors, no change in price in spite of the additional duty on them.

**WASH GOODS.**  
Just received and put in stock a quantity of fine Zephyr Ginghams, all new patterns and coloring, modest pin stripes and checks, Scotch plaids and neat stripes. They are quoted at 30c; we have marked them at 20c per yard. A full line of dress Ginghams in new designs, estimated to be worth 15c; our price is 10c.

**LADIES' MUSLIN UNDERWEAR—SPECIAL SALE.**  
Forty dozen Children's Muslin Drawers, six button holes, patent facing, at 10c a pair, worth 20c.

Ladies' Mother Hothor Hubbard Gown; good muslin, well trimmed at 55c; they are worth 85c.

Ladies' Muslin Drawers, "Fruit of the Loom" Cotton, deep hem and tucks above, 22c; worth 40c.

Ladies' walking skirts, deep Cambric ruffle, at 49c; worth 75c.

New Spring Hosiery for Ladies and Gents. We were fortunate in securing many cases of Ladies' Cotton, Lisle and Silk Hose, in both black and fancy, prior to the going into effect of the administrative bill, and our prices thereon will show how these early purchases benefit our customers.

Ladies' regular made fast black Hose, regular price now 35c; we still have them marked 25c.

Ladies' black and colored Lisle Hose, worth 60c; We still offer them at 40c.

Ladies' fancy striped Cotton Hose, boot patterns, costing you now 40c; still marked at 25c.

**TOILET ARTICLES.**  
Colgate Turkish Bath Soap, a full dozen for 50c; 4711 Glycerine different sorts at 42c per box; Espey's Cream, genuine article, 20c; Vaseline, in bottles at 10c; Ammonia, for household purposes; only 10c per quart bottle.

**KAUFMAN, STRAUS & CO.**